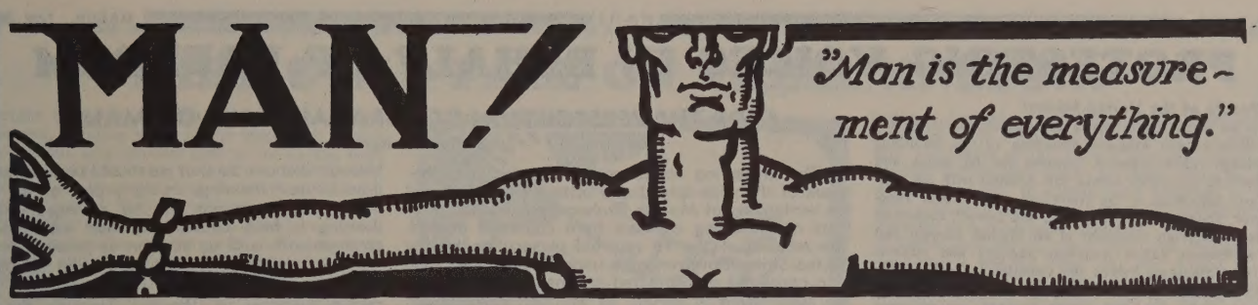
MAN!



"Man is the measure-ment of everything."

If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought—Let It Crack—WENDELL PHILLIPS

Vol. 6—No. 3. 1 (385) Los Angeles, Calif., March 1938 Single Copies FIVE CENTS

AT THE ABYSS OF A NEW WORLD WAR

The brazen invasion and seizure of Austria by the mad-dog of Europe—Adolph Hitler, and his henchmen—is but dramatically emphasizing the fact that the New World War is actually on. The people of China have been having Japanese soldiers warring upon them for years. The Ethiopians are being slaughtered by Italian soldiers, also already for a good many years. The people of Spain are being killed off by Italian, German and other hired assassins, now for close to two years. Any one computing the actual number of people murdered in China, Ethiopia and in Spain would find the numbers running into the millions, let alone the millions of wounded, or the untold millions of wealth in the form of homes and products that have been destroyed. If this is not a World War, although unofficially not declared as such, then one can make his own guess as to what an officially declared World War will bring upon mankind!

Mankind's tragedy in the struggle for life, the betrayals it encounters, date back to that very day when one man began to rule over another man, and also to seize what another human being has produced. Thus began the era of Governments and of Capitalism.

The series of tragedies that present-day mankind is facing dates back to the last World War of 1914-1918. The allies wanted their subjects to believe that it was a war to end all wars. The late Woodrow Wilson wanted us to believe that it was a war for democracy. Those, though, who knew better, denounced both claims as deceitful cloaks under which the age-old true cause of all past wars—the search for markets—have always been brought about.

The victory of the allies in 1918 was the very sort of a triumph that prepared the ground for a New World War. The chief instrument in that direction proved itself to be the resultant League of Nations. What a beautiful-sounding name—but how hollow when closely examined! For in reality it was intended to be, has been, and has remained to this very day, as an instrument serving every one of its more than fifty Governments in the safeguarding and perpetuation of their reign upon the people in the interests of either the capitalistic system, or of the marxian system as in Russia.

If the League of Nations served any purpose at all, it was to deceive and crush every hope of such naive people as have put any faith into it. It was, is and has remained the most formidable counter-revolutionary force that the nineteenth century has produced. And let no one forget it either—with the ultra-revolutionary Marxian-State of Russia as a leading member of this counter-revolutionary League of Nations.

The League of Nations has accepted Benito Mussolini's regime as one of its members, although the whole world knew that it gained power by fraud and arrogance. It likewise accepted as one of its members the infamous butchery regime of Horty of Hungary. It has done nothing against the invasion of China by Japanese imperialists. It acquiesced in the assassin dictatorship of Primo de Rivera of Spain. It had not one word of reproach against the ascendancy to power of the Pimp-Hero—Adolph Hitler in Germany.

Undoubtedly all these things made their deep impression upon the demogogues ruling over Germany, Italy and Japan. Dreams of modern Napoleons and Julius Caesars entered their heads—as the only means by which to perpetuate their reigns. Thus one day the world witnesses Mussolini's invasion and seizure of Ethiopia. The League of Nations pretends to protest by "sanctions"—but furnishes the money and arms (Russia furnishing the oil) with which Italy is enabled to "conquer" Ethiopia

In 1936 the people of Spain are attacked by their own army generals. But, the army and arms, food and money needed to cary on this war-massacre is openly being furnished by the German and Italian Governments. And the League of Nations not only refuses to protest, but even goes to the extent of suppressing any protest.

Japan begins its long prepared open invasion of China, and the League of Nations looks on tacitly.

Now Hitler comes forward and seizes Austria, threatening to do the same in Chechoslovakia very soon. And the League of Nations again does nothing.

Every thief for himself seems to be the chief motto of the League of Nations.

The Judas-role so often being repeated by the League of Nations must prove disheartening to those naive people who have at any time put some trust in its pretentious claims. It is such people that at last ought to awaken to a realization of the true purposes for which the League of Nations has been founded and kept up. The very failures of the League to do anything in every crisis that has arisen, and as enumerated above, exposes and damns its sincerity.

Furthermore, the League of Nations is fully aware of the exact nature and form of armament that each one of its constituent members has been engaged in all along. What has it done to expose or to stop this re-armament? Nothing! And what for does any Government arm itself if not for an eventual war?

The truth is that the people throughout the world are TODAY, partly already, encircled in a new bloody war. TOMORROW may find the whole world completely encircled by this war. The people have no one else more to blame for this state of affairs than their own credulity and trust that they have placed with Governments—as institutions that would serve their interests. And the people have no worst conniving enemy on earth than every existing Government. For every Government is a conspiracy against the true interests of the people.

What's to be done? Can anything be done to save the opressed and the ruled of the world from the annihilation that is now facing them?

It is possible. But before this can happen the people wil have to realize their own inherent strength in order to save themselves from the clutches of all Governments. Once the people will have done this—the dawn of true equality, and happiness, justice and freedom for each and all may at last come true.

Between the materialization of this Dawn and the existing horrible doom that faces us all today there remains but one intervening road that we have to embark upon: that of the Social Revolution.

If there is any single well meaning soul that imagines for one moment that the CHANGE can be made without the need of a Social Revolution, let such a one take a good look at what the Hitlers, the Mussolinis, the Stalins and every Government in the world is doing—all speaking but one language—the language of violence, the ever-ready tongue of the counter-revolution.

Against the present system of world-wide annihilation that is facing us there is then but one answer left: the People's rising in Social Revolutions. There is no other recourse left for mankind in order to achieve its emancipation from the political and economical slavery and destruction that engulfs us all today, more than ever before.

Marcus Graham

THE HOLY ALLIANCE

When an acute form of oppression, clownish by baptized "Fascism," peeped out of the World War in the land of Renaissance and asserted itself through a fever of jailing, mass slaughtering, raping and murdering as never did Attila and all the barbarians put together, we thought that was the limit of bestiality which no people would tolerate long.

Indeed, what human being—outside of the comparatively few cuthroats hired by the decadent Italian bourgeoisie through the notorious desperado—wouldn't be sickened by such a devastating pestilence and help put a stop to its spreading?

We believed in progress, in social evolution, in that so much vaunted civilization of the arrogant white man . . .

Pshaw!

As a matter of fact, this is an age of moral degeneration, in which the dregs of humanity come to the surface to taint all that men of hearts and brains had been building for centuries in an attempt to make this world a better place to live in. This is an age in which the underworld has taken the upheaval, determined to kill all effort toward spiritual and social amelioration.

The pestiferous beast, dormant in the descendants of Huns and Vandals, has awakened and decided to drag mankind back to the jungle.

Gone, too, is the hope that the generous Russian people would join the fight against the monster that is multiplying and stretching its deadly tentacle throughout the world. They, the Russian people, themselves helpless and disappointed about the forced abhortion of their Revolution, are under the iron heel of a Dictator, who has found it convenient to join the despicable clique and be more secure on the Bolshevik throne. So, the Fascist Dictators have now, beside the pope, a new ally in the person of the chief of the Cossacks.

This stone-age Cossack is, not only the absolute king of the Russians and Siberians, but the General of the world's lowest adventurers not officially incorporated in Mussolini's hordes.

Maybe, that's what the war scare-crows meant when years past they warned the world against the "yellow peril." The "yellow" peril was, I guess, the menacing penetration of Asiatic savage psychology into Western Europe and perhaps into the rest of this freakish planet.

I am told that the Cossack Stalin's skin is not yellow. Well, maybe it isn't. But, what does the color matter, anyway, as long as he is an Asiatic Tamerlane just the same, although by proxy?

Lamentable as it is, the Anarchists, the eternal simpletons, believed that the Communist pythans, crawling under the unsuspected grass and awaiting the open-hearted passer-by to strike him, could change their perverse instincts overnight and become brothers and even comrades in time of "common" distress.

We are paying dear now for our trusting nature and credulity. Anarchists, revolutionists in general and sincere antifascists can tell you something of the infamies being perpetrated in Republican Spain. In those plunderers' and assassins' veins runs the most virulent sadistic blood. Part of them are the remains of the old Inquisition who tenaciously stick to their tradition, with a vengeance. The other blind instruments are instructed Cossacks sent by Stalin to Cossackize Spain in exchange for the famous "help" of some time ago.

These amalgamated refuses of humanity hate whatever is noble and progressive. Their only friends are their worthy cousins, the Fascists. By means of their cunning tactics of absolute lack of moral sense, they've succeeded in getting a strong grip on Spanish affairs, which makes them more powerful than that government itself. They don't feel bound to let you know the reason why they arrest you and throw you into their secret dungeons.

Once you are in those living tombs, "leave all hope, you that enter." And if, for your greater misadventure, scars on your body indicate you've been at the front fighting the Fascists, then slower and more refined tortures and a prolonged agony will greet you—until the embrace eternal of merciful Death will finally save you from the modern Torquemadas in Communist uniform.

It's amusing to hear now and then puppets and parrots holler rather dramatically: "Don't take Stalin's name in vain! We know Russia is in the making . . ."

"We know! . . . "

They imagine that human beings should shun light just because worms are fond of darkness.

Now, if Russia is still "in the making" and such a frightful number of so-called counter-revolutionists, spies, traitors, etcetera, are being exiled, jailed, shot down every day, what the hell, I wonder, is going to happen to Tamerlane's ill-fated subjects when Russia may at last be called *made*, and the Cossacks therefore need no more excuses for their murderous favorite pastime?

Yes, I wonder!

But, after all, all that glitters is not gold. All efforts of the tyrants to hold and enjoy indefinitely that which they have acquired by perjury, treachery and frightfulness are useless in the long run. We must consider that these are times of decadence. We are assisting to the fall of a whole system, a system of commanders and obeyers, wealthy and hungry, masters and slaves. That's the fall of authoritarianism and depradation.

History tells us that blind tyranny is always born of suspicion, danger feeling, fear, despair. Our tyrants, of course, would not admit it; in fact, they don't dare confess it to themselves. Nevertheless, they feel they are drowning and naturally resort to any desperate means to keep afloat. In vain. They are doomed to see their dreams of universal domination, slaughter and abjection shattered. We would see it, if we'd take the trouble to enlarge our pupils and look under the surface of their bluffs. Their very ruthless cruelties are the cast-iron weight tied to their feet that will pull their poisoned, rotten carcasses down to the bottom of the Social Revolutionary ocean.

And Anarchism will still be the salvation of humankind from utter, hopeless abjection.

V. Aretta

P. S.—In my previous little article (February issue, page three) I wrote that the Bolshiviki impose the same law on a *Siberian* as on a Ukranian. But you printed *Libertarian*.—V.A.

PROTESTING VOICES IN BEHALF OF FREEDOM

To the People of the United States!

According to the traditions of the English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic, according to the traditions which founded North America, inspired the Bay-State, and threw a British Sovereign across the Atlantic with his German troops; according to the traditions of Emerson, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, Lloyd Garrison, and Lowell; according to the best libertarian traditions of all English thought and culture, afterwards called American thought and culture, because the Motherland forced the Colonies to become rebels and then revolutionists; according to the unwritten law of English thought and right, which deposed and executed Charles Stuart, and inspired Thomas Paine and Richard Carlile; and the written law of the United States Constitution, Marcus Graham is being persecuted by those who would undermine the traditions of our forefathers. I ask all libertarians to protest and to rally to his support and to end this inglorious 19 year persecution of which he has been a victim.

The English-speaking race, on both sides of the Atlantic, have by persecution at the stake, by jail, and exile, made the English tongue the tongue of liberty and of freedom. Those who use the English speech to justify persecution are enemies not merely of Marcus Graham, but of the English language. They belie the true impulse of all American and English history.

Work for Graham's unconditional freedom, work for his release, for his free right of use of all his talents; for his right to make the English tongue, that spoke so well at Smithpier Market, and spoke so well against witchcraft when power and superstition defiled it, with authority, once more the bold, clear, simple speech of the common people. English was born as the tongue of the people. Wiclif spoke it as the people's tongue. John Ball used it at the churchyard when he rallied the farm laborers of England. Jack Cade and Watt Tyler spoke it. And Robert Burns, but spoke a variation. Thomas Paine wrote "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason" in English. George Washington saluted the Republic of the United States in English. Abraham Lincoln wrote the end of chattel slavery in English. We, who love the English language, and would immortalize it as the language of Freedom, honor Marcus Graham above the Department of Justice, and demand his freedom that he might speak it to the glory of man, and to the honor of the English-speaking peoples.

People of America, common-folk of the Republic, I ask you to respect your language, my language, our common language. Make the Government free Marcus Graham unconditionally and immediately.

GUY A. ALDRED

Glasgow, Scotland

* * *

A Civil or a Criminal Case?

I am surprised that in the discussion of the Graham case so little attention is paid to that clause of the United States constitution which says that no person shall be compelled in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself. Of course I understand that the government contends that this is a civil case; but will that wash?

A crime, according to the dictionary, is an omission of a duty commanded, or the commission of an act forbidden, by a public law.

Mr. Graham is charged with having entered without inspection, and with having preached anarchism. Entering without inspection was an act forbidden by a public law, or else why is he being threatened with exile for it? Preaching anarchism, in the case of an alien, is also an act forbidden by a public law. The fact that the law makes the penalty of banishment follow upon it constitutes a forbidding of it. It can hardly be said that the law in question is not public because it applies only to aliens; if that were true, then when a law, in Massachusetts, for instance, imposes greater restrictions on the possession of firearms by aliens than upon their possession by native citizens, such a law would not be a public law, and the violation of such a law would not be a crime and could not be punished by criminal procedure.

If a criminal procedure can be made civil, so as to take it out of the constitutional restriction, merely by asserting it to be civil, then why cannot a smuggler be compelled to testify against himself simply by declaring the amount of the duty, with a sum added for attempted evasion, to be a debt civilly due to the United States?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., March 4, 1938

* * *

Against Government Oppression

February 3rd, 1938

Frances Perkins
Secretary of Labor,
Washington, D. C.
Secretary:

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated for President, I followed a liberal impulse and registered as a Democratic voter, to further Freedom in U. S.

Shortly after, the Dept. of Labor began a deportation campaign. Instead of directing its energies against murderers, gangsters, white-slavers and such anti-socials, I noticed that your department carefully nosed out the TRUE DEMOCRATS—editors of libertarian magazines, etc., arrested and hounded them, and ordered their deportation from this so-called asylum for the persecuted (long ago!). These were held without charges of crime or violence against them; seemingly only for THINKING.

I am specific. Ferrerro and Sallitto were two early VICTIMS of so-called democratic governments; Goepel and Miller were two others. These were scheduled to be sent to the bloody, hateful governments of Italy and Germany respectively. And for NO REASON other than clear thinking!

Now the persecutions of the fine, heroic, honorable world-citizen MARCUS GRAHAM continues. Why? NOT with the consent of LIBERALS! Not by permissions of REAL DEMOCRATS! But perhaps on the instigation of those swine-hearted wretches we meet daily who **measure men and things only by dollars.**

Am I definitely to understand that United States is now a Fascist-minded, Freedom-hating nation, under this Roosevelt Administration? Then answer directly — AS I WANT NO PART IN GOVERNMENTAL OPPRESSIONS. I then want to openly renounce my sheepish affiliation and publicly apologize for this. If the persecution of Marcus Graham and others must continue, then it becomes my duty to write, print and circulate nationally a pamphlet pertaining to such injustice, proclaiming my objections to this persecution begun in 1919!

Yours for the End of Witchcraft,

HAROLD R. JOHNSON

* * *

Two Letters—Protest and Encouragement

February 5, 1938

Admirable Marcus Graham, Comrade of Thoreau, Giordano Bruno, John Brown, Jesus the Carpenter: Here is my answer to the infamy of your latest criminal sentence—criminal on the part of society—a $5 check for the pamphlet fund. It represents a real sacrifice. But I am not on the barricades, where every freedom-loving man should be—I am not taking wounds—hence the least I can do is to give comfort and aid so far as my words and a few dollars can, to those who are perpetuating the **Great Tradition** that descends from Socrates. I am not an Anarchist, I am not equal to it, But I dare take in your behalf the words of Voltaire upon my lips.

No need to say to you: Fight one! Be steadfast. You shall be in the thoughts of all who prize as life itself the Freedom you so nobly champion.

In me for one you stir a sense of shame. But I rejoice in the witness you have to the capacity of man for great action.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. KERLIN

P. S.—I am sending my protest to the Labor Department as follows:

Miss Frances Perkins,
Secretary of Labor,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Madame:

I commend to your thoughtful reading one of the noblest utterances in behalf of freedom and justice in all our country's literature: the speech of Mr. Marcus Graham after being sentenced to six months in jail by a Los Angeles judge. I need add nothing to this request. Whether his philosophy is sound or unsound is, I think, beside the question. The sole question is: **Has he been justly or unjustly sentenced?** To my mind Mr. Graham is a living exponent of the greatest of all traditions—martyrdom for freedom!

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT T. KERLIN

* * *

Because of Ideas

Miss Frances Perkins,
Secretary of Labor,
Washington, D. C.
My Dear Miss Perkins:

I PROTEST the continued persecution of Marcus Graham, Editor of the anarchist publication MAN! It seems very unsportsmanlike to me for a great big country like

STOP THE PERSECUTION OF GRAHAM AND OF MAN!

(A Plan of Action)

The protesting voices printed on this page bespeak of the wide-spread and bitter resentment that the sentencing of Marcus Graham has aroused. Protests are reaching us even from countries abroad. The renewal of the 19 year-old persecution by the United States Government is understood by everyone as a concerted and directed attempt to bring about the suppression of MAN!, of which Graham is the editor. The supreme issue becomes therefore the one of Freedom of Thought, as well as of the Freedom of the Press.

Freedom of Thought in the United States has been subjected to many ordeals of late. It took four long years of an unceasing vigilant campaign of protests to bring about a dismissal of the deportation proceedings against Domenick Sallitto for the "crime" of renting office space to the editor of MAN!. Vincent Ferrero, who is charged with the same "crime", is still awaiting final disposition of his sentence to be handed over to fascist Italy. Nevertheless, liberty loving people cannot and neither will they remain indifferent to the latest instituted attack by the Government upon the Freedom of Thought, via its attack against Graham and against MAN!.

The Marcus Graham Freedom of the Press Committee is determined to carry on a nation-wide campaign against the persecution of Graham and of MAN!. It therefore appeals to every individual, to every Group, to every college organization of students in Universities as well as to every labor organization of the country to arrange protest meetings. At every one of such arranged protest meeting the authorities at Washington, via Miss Francis Perkins, Secretary of Labor, should be made to feel in no mistaken terms that there are still left in our land liberty-loving people who will combat the attempt to destroy the last vestige of liberty —Freedom of Thought—that is the only heritage left us, and upon which this country was founded.

The Secretary of Labor should be called upon to immediately dismiss the 19 year-old deportation proceeding-ordeal that Marcus Graham has been undergoing. The publication MAN! should be allowed the same Freedom as every other printed publication enjoys.

The LaFollette Civil Liberties Senate Committee should be called upon to investigate the whole background and history of the persecution of Graham and of MAN! and of its readers.

Likewise, protests should also be directed to the "liberal" U. S. Judge Leon R. Yankwich, of Los Angeles, California, who declared from the bench that he would not aid in enforcing the "stale warrant of 1919" and then hypocritically sustained the 1919 warrant of arrest by sentencing Graham to six months imprisonment. Judge Yankwich, pending final disition of the case by the Circuit Court of Appeals, still has the power to purge Graham of the "criminal contempt" sentence, thereby throwing out of Court the Labor Department's attempt to enforce its 19 year-old warrant of deportation. Demands that he should do so should accompany every protest.

Wherever it is found impossible to arrange protest meetings, individual protests should be directed to the aforementoned authorities. In all instances of forwarded protests our Committee invites copies of same for the purpose of publication.

We have also agreed upon a nation-wide tour for Marcus Graham, so that he should be enabled to address protest meetings in every part of the country where such meetings can be arranged. All those desiring to have Graham at their meetings should communicate with us as soon as possible for dates.

Our Committee is also determined to make possible the early publication of the pamphlet "Defenders of Freedom of Thought Through the Ages" This pamphlet will contain the series of articles published under this heading in the December-January and February issues of MAN!, as also the speech of Marcus Graham before being sentenced to jail, and a detailed history of the four years persecution of MAN!. We have on hand only about thirty dollars, but close to two hundred dollars are needed in order to materialize the publication of the pamphlet. We therefore appeal to all those who wish to help us to forward their contributions soon as possible. Thus we would be enabled to have the pamphlet ready for circularization at the projected protest meetings.

In order that we should be able to carry out the contemplated tour of Marcus Graham, the publication of the pamphlet, and to carry on the legal fight that the attorneys of the American Civil Liberties Union have instituted before the Circuit Court of Appeals, funds are needed.

No individual or Group that values the work that we have undertaken in behalf of the battle for the Freedom of Thought and for the dismissal of the Deportation proceedings against Graham—should fail to contribute that material aid that is needed for bringing the fight to a successful end.

MARCUS GRAHAM FREEDOM OF THE PRESS COMMITTEE:

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HIPPOLYTE HAVEL	
ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS	

All Communications and monies should be addressed to the:

MARCUS GRAHAM FREEDOM OF
THE PRESS COMMITTEE
P. O. BOX 971
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

THEY STILL FALL ON THEIR KNEES...

A bright moonlight evening. A young man, book under his arm, strolling along in the quiet early night. He is very proud, this cultured human, for having been blessed by fortune to be living in the Twentieth Century and envisage the collosal progress mankind has achieved in science and culture. True, for an ordinary mortal it is almost impossible to embrace all the secrets revolving around such inventions as the radio, televison, aeronatics, and the unlimited discoveries in medical science; to say nothing of the super achievements in things relating to our Earth and her neighborly planets. Nevertheless, it is a psychic joy and spiritual elevation to live in the knowledge that we are marching far, far away from the medieval days when not even an ox or a donkey could move without the command of an Unseen, and when no newly-born could extricate itself from the mother's womb without a prayer.

It is also true, he meditates further, that even in our advanced age there appears from time to time some eminent professor, who, in precise mathematical calculation, develops a scientific theory by which he attempts to prove that there must be an Unseen Power rulling our world with a systematic plan or design without which there could not be such proper order in our universe where all life evolves and likewise perishes in accordance with existing physical or natural laws. That Power, nevertheless, could in no ways be identified with the Scriptural Creator as divulged by the prophets. Even should we lean to accept some such theory as expounded by those professors we could, at most, acclaim the phenomena as a sort of Collosal Engineer who operates from somewhere in the far cosmos and masterfully directs the routine of our universe. In no wise though could the Power be identified with the Heavenly Master who has a notion to punish sinners with bathing them in hot pitch and compensate the virtuous with every conceivable comfort.

Thus our young man keeps strutting along in the silent night, the mind sunk in deep thought and the heart palpitating with spiritual gratification at the high cultural standard his co-brothers have achieved. As he was so absorbed in thoughtful aberration he became, unconscious to himself, entangled in a human mass that was hurrying somewhere in one direction. "Where are all these people heading to?" he questions to himself as though awakened from a deep slumber. "What, to the Church? . . . . But why this church-going on an ordinary week-day night? Oh, yes, almost forgot about the Forty-Day Lent." . . . . Awakened somewhat from the perplexing thoughts, he tries to apply common reason—as befits a convert to scientific culture—and decides at once to join the compacted mass of humanity that marches in reverential procession towards the sacred prayer-house.

So packed was the holy structure with humanity, that it was impossible even to enter the wide-open frontage from where a gentle Madonna could be seen looking down from a shining frame on the interior wall. But our culture seeker was persistent . . . . And so he let loose his elbows, and with a little determined effort, he somehow managed to get a foothold in the compacted throng and gradually shoved his way through until he stood before two large glass doors, through which he could see directly facing him the Altar, surrounded by many images and candlesticks, whose illumination cast a holy reflection upon the Son and other of the Saints looking down from marble statues. Before the Altar stood the priest attired in ceremonial garb, chanting holy mass; on each side of him were two youthful boys in white surplice, swinging with vases from which curled out a holy incense.

Being thus faced with divine images and ritualistic ceremonial, our young man became so enraptured by the medieval environment that, for the moment, he completely forgot about the Twentieth Century, the radio, the television, the air-travels, the stock-market, the scientific gods and all the inventions the human mind has created for his progressive world, and was carried away in a world of baptism and holy incense. Suddenly, as though coming from nowhere, human bodies began to fall all around him. First it was a not-so-prosperous-looking individual who had all appearances of earning his living by the pay-envelope, then it was a little girl of about ten-twelve, then an elderly woman, a young flapper, an atheletic-built sport, and so on, until the whole mass of human flesh remained lying on the ground like a herd of slaughtered lambs.

Standing thus in the midst of a body of human beings lying with their buttocks upwards . . . our young man with book under arm began to philosophise as to what "specie" these creatures owe their descendancy . . .It occured to his philosophic mind that from his studies in zoology it is not known that a lamb, or a cow, or even such a repulsive animal as the skunk would of its own free will creep on its belly before a Something the animal senses are unable to feel or conceive. What sort of creatures are they then? he reasoned further . And who was it that had the short-sightedness to crown them Prince of all creation? It would seem that the lowest of the animal kingdom possesses more rational intelligence than do these civilized gullibles who are inclined to expose their buttocks in order to show a knavish obedience to some invisible Omnipotence, someone in a long robe described for them. It must therefore enter one's mind that this human specie—excepting a selected class that has turned to rational thinking— is of lower mentality than are all other living creatures roaming the globe. And no matter how neatly they may keep the creases in their pants, or how well they may starch their collars and shirts, they still remain rationally inferior when compared with others of the animal kingdom.

Of course, there are always bound to appear sworn defenders of the human throne who wouldn't allow such blasphemy to go unchallenged. No doubt they will bring you all the testimony from the Holy Script to prove that man serving his God cannot be classed as an inferior object; rather, he is far superior to those of his lower mates because of having a "belief" in a Supreme Being whom he serves according to concept and tradition which the others have not. Rallying thus to the defense, they will even fall in such rapturous ecstasy as to sing peans to the glory and joy the human race is deriving by his serving a God; this soulful happiness, they will contend, is derived by no other living creature but the human being.

Indeed so . . . . Yet there is nothing in such hymn-singing for one to get excited about. Beautiful phrases are like enchanted lullabyes that rock little children to sleep . . . . We are not dealing here with the human soul that has been blown into the pious-ones for the purpose of hypnotising them with religious ecstasy but of pure rational thinking and constructive logic—which are the basic fundamentals of human progress. And from that standpoint, if one is apt to fall on hands and knees before a "NoOne" he cannot be classed other than o moron. We may, if we will, have some consideration with arborial men who in their raw mental state of understanding natural phenomena fell on their knees before a stone that through a mere coincidence felled an enemy. But could we in clear conscience harbor such views to the cultured people of our Twentieth Century who have gone through all the text books that explain natural law and yet bow their heads to all the legendary tales about gods and goblins? Could we, for example, justify the extreme ignorance of a Bryan, who, knowing full well the physiologic structure of a human body, yet would believe that "not only that Jonah was swallowed by a whale but even if it were written that the whale was swallowed by Jonah."

How is this contradiction in our civilized progress to be explained? On the one side, human ingenuity has risen to the heights of penetrating almost into the far-away planets, while on the other, miserable creatures crawl like worms on the floors of holy tabernacles. Thinking giants battle to liberate mankind from dark superstitions while little dwarfs keep fighting with the Devil for a "paradise" that someone promised them in the beyond. It seems that the adage "no academic learning will change an ass into a sensible human" is very much correct.

At any rate, our young man with book under arm thus philosophises about the cultural backwardness of his fellow men, while surrounding him lies a herd of ignorant morons who insist on serving a Deity with their buttocks pointed to his Almighty throne . . . .

Samuel Polinow

REBELLION

Thou hast told me for long that a most mighty idol
Dwells in the innermost Shrine;
Thou has vowed he hath Power to judge of my worth,
And is my father, even as thine;

Thou has told me I need not fear death when I die,
I and the others who heard,
And bade us together erect him a Home,
For, lo! Was that not the great Word?

Gladly we gave thee of gold and of diamonds,
(Yea, and until we had none!)
That thou couldst then build him this Temple abode
To rival the copper-red sun.

But I late on one night softly crept by the priests
Sleepily guarding the Door,
And there in the sacred and innermost Shrine—
Thine Idol lay flat on the floor.

The god in thy Temple is shrivelled and small,
Powerless, feeble and old;
O, why hast thou covered this pitiful thing
With glittering diamonds and gold?

I have seen thy deceit and I heed thee no more,
But forth on the paths I shall go,
To tell to each tribesman the thing I have seen,
And they who will listen shall know!

Clifton Bennett

BOOK REVIEW

DOES GOD EXIST? Twelve proofs of the inexistence of God as presented in a lecture by SEBESTIAN FAURE. English version by Aurora Alleva and D. S. Menico. 40 pages, pamphlet-form. 10 cents. Kropotkin Library. Stelton, N. J.

Many of us have heard again and again references being made to this lecture of Sebastian Faure. All of us hoped that some day it would make its appearance in the English language, as it has in many others. And, at last, the hope has come true.

Those who are acquainted with the trenchant reasoning-logic of our beloved veteran-comrade Faure know what they can expect. (Readers of MAN! have had and are having an opportunity to know of Faure's powerful manner of presentation thanks to the proficient translations of his many studies by our comrade Jules Scarceriaux.) In "Does God exist?" comrade Faure is at his best.

Today—religion may not occupy to the superficial eye—the menacing position that it did when comrade Faure delivered his talk on the subject of "Does God Exist?" Nevertheless, a closer scrutiny of the role of **Madam Religion** will find her as menacing and harmful an institution in the struggle for social liberation, as she has ever proved to be. The treacherous role of the Church in Spain and the sanctifying support it receives in its treachery from the papacy down to the smallest hanger-on of the Catholic Church throughout the world, furnishes the strongest substantiating proof of this.

It has also been proven as a long established fact that wherever man arises in a struggle for the betterment of economic conditions or in protest against oppression, the spokesmen of religion (with rare exceptions) have always proven themselves as the most formidable bulwark in support of exploitation, oppression and rulership.

The need, therefore, of exposing this erected living monster of superstition of the God idea is as timely and necessary today as it has ever been.

Two of the most classical devastating works on this subject are Michael Bakunin's "God and the State" and Johan Most's "The God Pest." Now, Sebastian Faure's "Does God Exist?" is to take its place alongside of these two.

The translators have done their work in such a manner that one does not feel at all as reading a translation, but the original. Their brief introductory sketch of but little over a page gives a pertinent and informative picture of comrade Faure. The typographical work and format is most attractive. A commendable work indeed.

The comrades who have made possible the appearance of the pamphlet have not only published a beautiful pamphlet, but have likewise arranged for its circulation in an equally beautiful manner. Every anarchist publication of each language has been allotted a number of copies to be disposed for the benefit of each publication in question.

MAN! has been presented with one thousand copies. It remains now for every reader of MAN! to make the widest possible use of this gift. Wherever this is only possible—libraries as well as individuals—should be presented with gift copies.

M. G.

The brave man goes straight ahead. He moves, silently, but with the force of the glacier or fate itself. His heart may be torn and bleeding, but it never shows in his face, and he is too proud to explain even when he knows that a word would make things right.

—CLARENCE DARROW.

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the United States to harrass one of its individuals simply because he has an idea. We have religious freedom, why not "idea freedom." I cannot see where the law has any leg, at all, to stand on in its flaying of Marcus Graham.

This whole issue revolves around the Freedom of the Press. When in adulthood I began to see something in anarchy besides bomb-throwing, when I wanted to know what it really was, I looked it up in the **Encyclopedia Britannica.** I found a quite lengthy and precise definition, quite as damning to government as anything ever appearing in MAN!. Why wasn't the **Encyclopedia Britannica** suppressed?

After all, anarchy is a way of living. There are many "ways of living." No one bothers to suppress the published "ways of living" of Confucious, Buddha, Mormonism, Protestantism, Catholicism, the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, the Mexicans, the Incas, the black Africans, the white Scandinavians . . . . What's all the fuss about? All of these may contain something inimical to the American form of government, but no hue and cry is raised.

I PROTEST the persecution of Marcus Graham.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM SHEPPARD SPARKS

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

FROM DEPRESSION TO RECESSION

Publicity has made the United States world-famous, for better or for worse. And no administration in the history of this country has been as fortunate in respect to publicity as the present one led by F. D. Roosevelt. And what is most important in the publicity game is the right kind of publicity; publicity that can lie beautifully and hide the truth shamelessly.

It is now already the sixth year that the publicity aides of Mr. Roosevelt have most successfully been selling his administration to the majority of the American populace. These publicity ghost writers had Mr. Roosevelt blast the hoarders of other people's produced wealth. They had him set on driving out the money changers from the temples. He was also to eliminate child labor and create a higher standard of living. Labor was promised the right to organize and the unemployed were promised jobs. There were many other similar honey-sounding promises—eminating from the publicity department of the Roosevelt regime.

But, coming down to earth, how has Mr. Roosevelt and his administration fulfilled the promises made? His publicity aides will not enlighten us on this phase. But the recorded facts may.

The coupon dealers, the rich hoarders of the land, have recovered to the peak boom year of 1929—as far as making huge profits are concerned. In many instances they have even exceeded the year of 1929. The money changers have not only remained in the temples, but have even been welcomed back through the very front doors of the White House where Mr. Roosevelt serves as chief host.

Child labor has not been eliminated. The standard of living has been marching downward all along, with the Brooking Institution issuing its yearly statistics that show the workers' wage to be 15 per cent lower in 1937 than it was in 1929. Labor still lacks the "right" to organize in the domains of the Fords, who defy the "law." The unemployed, numbering close to fifteen million when Mr. Roosevelt took over the presidency, are still awaiting the promised jobs. Legalized charity is the lot of the unemployed, whilst the farmer is being paid to plow under food products that the unemployed are in need of.

Such is the balance sheet of the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Roosevelt is, however, offering some alibies. Congress is not supporting his proposals. To the "betrayal" of his own party legislators Mr. Roosevelt answers by washing his hands of the whole thing. His publicity department cleverly coins a new word—RECESSION—instead of the Hooverized one—DEPRESSION. And following right upon the foot-steps of Mr. Hoover, Roosevelt too calls into secret confabs the industrialists of the land and begs them to "create" jobs—lest revolution will be the only alternative the people will have left. (As it will be recalled, Mr. Roosevelt claimed full credit for having saved the capitalistic system from an impending Revolution in 1933.)

Realizing that all his "new deal" promises have fizzled out, Mr. Roosevelt hit upon the old, but common alternative: attempting to create "prosperity' by presenting the largest armament program ever offered in peace time by any former administration. And since a new World Slaughter is just about to break out at any moment, Mr. Roosevelt will be enabled to save his face as Woodrow Wilson had done in 1914-1918—by having the people of the United States bathe in the prosperity of a bloody world butchery.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to be even more fortunate in finding such a sort of solution to the "recession" that is facing the country than was the lot of Wilson in 1914. The communists of America are fully supporting the armament program solution for the depression, in the hope that he will defend Mr. Stalin's regime in Russia, once the world-war breaks out.

What can we say to such a solution for the oppressed's sufferings? Pity the solution and damned be the treacherous role of the Roosevelts and of the communists as well.

* * *

THE LATEST MOSCOW TRIAL

A new trial of outstanding prominent officials of yesterday has been enacted in Russia. And as in all similar past trials the accused pleaded guilty not only to the crimes that they are supposed to be aware of, but also to all crimes —committed anywhere—as long as such crimes can be dubbed as Trotskyist ones.

If anyone wishes to accept as true the former and present confessions of all these outstanding figures and former officials of the Bolshevik State then one must reach the conclusion that Russia has been ruled for the last twenty years by spies and murderers, saboteurs and assasinators of the worst sort. If, on the other hand, one should conclude that all these confessions are but staged performances, as to all general appearances they seem to be, then Russia is being ruled by a regime before which the infamies of the Mussolinis and Hitlers pale into insignificance.

Whichever of the two explanations holds true, the marxian socialists have little to feel proud about or cheerful over.

William Shakespeare has depicted in his classical "Julius Caesar," the things that we have been witnessing in Russia. The histories of the French Revolution abound with such instances, as Peter Kropotkin pointed out in his remarkable "History of the French Revolution." Bakunin, Kropotkin as well as all anarchists have been predicting that the road of political power—the capturing of the State—will corrupt the best intentioned and turn the but once honest man of yesterday into the murderous traitor of today. The trials and executions of the most outstanding Bolshevik officials of the Bolshevik Government, as well as of the hundreds of lesser known Bolsheviks, bears out this contention in full.

The past trials as well as the most recent one have but all one appearanec: that of being solely intended to cover up every time a new series of compromises with world capitalism (one should bear here in mind the openly pro-war support that Communists everywhere are now rendering to capitalist "democracies") at the expense of the true interests of the revolution that the Russian people have worked and sacrificed for.

The disgraceful trials serve one as a reminder of the grandiose Paris Commune of March, 1871. The Communards died at least an honorable death. They were not defiled and dishonored by their own brethern, and certainly not shot down like dogs. It was left for the marxian-socialist Government of Russia to carry out all such misdeeds, beginning with the blood-bath upon the Kronstadt sailors, the exterminating of the anarchist movement, and now of all the old Bolsheviks that were still left alive.

* * *

THE LIFE OF CLARENCE DARROW

The life-activity of Clarence Darrow offers in itself a challenge to one of the chief sanctifying props of the present system: Punishment for Crime and Criminals.

To Darrow there was no such thing as crime or criminals. That is why he could accept with as much ease the defense of those that considered themselves guilty as well as of those who held themselves to be innocent. Crime and criminals Darrow placed at society's own doors. These were the seeds that society itself had sown. What moral right then, had the same society to punish the resultant criminal product of its own creation?

Thus it came to be the expected thing of Darrow in any court: to turn the tables upon the "law and order" fraternity. Not the caged-in victims facing the scaffold or jail, BUT THEIR PROSECUTORS, he always pilloried as the real guilty criminals.

Darrow was an enemy of injustice of every sort just as he was an enemy of every sort of belief that directly or indirectly tended to foster or give comfort to injustice. The "law" upholders hated him as much as the religious peddlers. He was one of the first in coming forward to denounce as a preposterous hoax the "new deal" proposals of Mr. Roosevelt for destroying food production—instead of increasing and distributing it to the masses who have created it and are in need of it.

Darrow considered himself a Tolstoyan disciple, in the anarchic sense.

A great and uncompromising fighter in the cause of Justice and Freedom has passed on in the death of Clarence Darrow.

* * *

FRED BEAL—THE HOUNDED REBEL

In the year of 1929 the authorities of Gastonia, North Carolina, had placed on trial the spokesmen of the strike that resulted in the death of many strikers and some police officers. They were tried for causing the death of the latter. All were sentenced to 20 years imprisonment, and all of them escaped from the United States.

One of those who escaped, Fred Beal, spent quite a few years in Russia. Not only as an observer and official, but also as a worker. He upheld and defended everything that the Bolshevik regime had done. But disillusionment set in and he had the honesty to realize that the only thing left for him to do was, to expose and make known his shattered dreams just as he had before sung its praises. To leave Russia freely, is impossible. Beal had to escape from Russia as he did from the United States.

Fred Beal returned to this country well aware of the 20-year-sentence that would eventually face him. He spent several years here clandistine, publishing articles of his Russian experiences in the Hearst and Socialist press. Last year he published a book on his experiences in Russia.

Determined to carry on his activities in the open, Beal participated in a strike in Massachusetts. This led to his arrest and facing now the prospect of having to serve the 1929 sentence.

The Non-Partisan Defence Committee has taken up his defence and already organized a Committee of well known men of letters and of the radical circles. No real rebel-spirited person will fail to lend every aid possible in order to thwart the attempt of the reactionary authorities of North Carolina to make Beal serve the 20-year-old sentence.

The Communist Party and its auxiliary too—the International Labor Defence—are not only failing to come to the aid of their former Party Member Fred Beal, but are actually engaged in undermining his defence! (Some day we hope to go into further details as to how The International Labor Defence DOES NOT LIVE UP to its well-sounding but misleading name.)

If proof was needed to attest to the sincerity of Fred Beal, then here is one: Marxian-ruled Russia does not have many readers of MAN! The punishment one would face for reading MAN! can easily be guessed at. Even the "Moscow News" has ceased to exchange with us. Only one lone copy now reaches Russia, and that goes only to the Tolstoy Museum Library. Yet, one of the very few who dared years ago to receive MAN! in Russia was Fred Beal. He even took the trouble to ask us how Anarchists would have coped with a situation as that in Russia. A lengthy reply was being prepared. But before an opportunity came to print his query and our answer, Beal had already escaped from Russia, with all his former dreams gone.

If any one fully deserves the support of every sincere revolutionist it is Fred Beal, the erstwhile Communist of yesterday, and the rebel of today hounded by the capitalist authorities as well as by the Communist supporters of Bolshevik ruled Russia.

POPULAR FRONT ACHIEVEMENTS

A curse seems to have set upon every maneuver instituted by the Communist International of Moscow. Whatever scheme enters the mind of a Stalin or Dmitrov—the scheme becomes at once as holy an encycle as do similar incycles eminating from the charlatan at Vatican City—the Pope.

From a "united front" fever encycle, the Communists have passed on to a "popular front" one. The latest fever has already been raging for quite a few years. One may therefore scan the results in terms of beneficial achievements for the world proletariat.

France offers a good illustration in point. No less of a reputed socialist than Leon Blum headed a Government supported by such a "popular front." What have been its achievements? We shall let a brethern of Leon Blum tell us. Listen then to this summing up of the "Socialist Call" of February 5, 1938:

> What other governments never would have dared to do in order to save capitalism, the Popular Front Government did do—because the masses had faith that this government, with Socialists and Communists the main force in it, would not betray the poeple.
>
> This was the government of inflation. This was the government that passed compulsory arbitration. This was the government that rallied the workers to vote a military budget. This was the government that popularized the notion of "non-intervention" in Spain among the masses. This was the government that, by decree, limited the right of the Communists to hold mass demonstrations. This was the government that made the Franco-Soviet Pact a dead-letter, that placed the French foreign office in the hands of London.
>
> The Popular Front Government did its work well—for capitalism. And having done so, the bourgeoisie hastened to get rid of it, until it needed it again some other day.

What need one add to this indictment? Very little.

Briand, the one-time Socialist, made himself infamous by his breaking the railway strike of 1910. Clemenceau and other socialist premiers followed in his footsteps. Mr. Leon Blum proved no less of a strike-breaker as did his successor Chautemps. Neither of the last two named had even to invoke the Military Anti-Strike Law. The threat alone brought about the collapse of every attempted strike.

The results of the "popular front" movements in other countries are no less of a detriment in the struggle of the oppressed.

If the masses of France have not as yet come forward to apply the name of renegade to the Blums and Chautempsis, it means that they are still blinded by the shield of a "popular front." But where there is life—there is hope. History refuses to blind itself to facts, and the facts have already placed the achievements of Blum and Chautemps alongside those of Briand and Clemenceau.

* * *

INFORMERS AND MYSTERIES

The Robinson-Rubin mystery, the couple who went to Russia from America on false passports, has so far surpassed many a detective tale. No one knows as yet what has become of Robinson. The Rubins woman has finally been located, but is not allowed to answer some of the pertinent questions put to her. Bolshevik ruled Russia claims that both are Trotskyist agents. The Trotskyists claim they are Bolshevik spies for foreign Governments. And in order to further deepen the mystery, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, erstwhile prominent Communist, disappears from her home, evidently with no concern over her fate being evinced by the Communists. Even this is not all to complete the mystery. Along comes the "Sherlock Holmes" of the Italian colony, Mr. Carlo Tresca, former executive member of the International Labor Defence, and marches forth before a New York City Grand Jury informing upon fifteen people as being aware of the whereabouts of Mrs. Poyntz.

Mr. Tresca is being looked upon as an "anarchist" by some pretending "innocent" people. The New York Times accepts him as such One cannot be surprised at the New York Times accepting Mr. Tresca as a "prominent" anarchist, even when he exposes himself in the role of an open informer. But what is one to think of a group of people who issue a "liberterian" magazine called the Vanguard, and which magazine receives the unequivocal endorsement and support of the Jewish, Russian and Spanish anarchist movements, arranging on March 6, 1938, a public meeting in their club rooms for the said Mr. Tresca, for the purpose of relating upon his boastful role as an informer?

But to return to the Robinson-Rubin-Poyntz mysterious disappearance. Spies and frame-ups, informers and assassination of fellow-culprits has long since become one of the chief occupations of the Marxian-socialist State of Russia, as well as of its supporters everywhere else.

What a questionable achievement in the interests of that emancipation of the world's oppressed that marxian-socialists held out before the first named . . . .

MAN!
A Monthly Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement
MARCUS GRAHAM, Editor
Subscription Price: $1.00 per year, 6 months-50c
Sample Copies Free Upon Request.
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Administration and Editorial Address
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Room 524, 129 West Second Street
Los Angeles, Calif., U.S..A

IDEAS OF ANARCHISM:

"TRUE CIVILIZATION"
Republished by Benj. R. Tucker in 1875

Josiah Warren
(The first American Anarchist)

Editor's Preface

(The following is the second paragraph only.)

The main body of this book was published as far back as 1846. It has now undergone, at my request, a revisal by the author, and several important additions have been made, which may give the appearance of anachronism to some of its statements. To remedy this, I have surrounded some of the larger insertions of the matter with brackets, to advertise the reader of the fact that these last are of a later date than the other parts. The work itself is one of the most remarkable ever printed. It is a condensed presentation of the most fundamental principles of social science ever yet discovered. I do not hesitate to affirm that there is more scientific truth, positively new to the world, and immensely important in its bearings upon the destiny of mankind, contained in it, than was ever before consigned to the same number of pages. I am conscious that I am guilty of no extravagance in predicting that such will be the estimate placed by posterity upon the discoveries of Mr. Warren.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS

New York, May, 1852.

INTRODUCTION

The public are here presented with the results of about twenty-five years of investigations and experiments, with a view to a great and radical, yet peaceful change in the character of society, by one who felt a deep and absorbing interest, and took an active part in the experiments of Communities at New Harmony, during the two years of 1825 and 1826, and who, after the total defeat of every modification of those plans, which the purest philanthropy and the greatest stretch of ingenuity could devise, was on the point of abandoning all such enterprises, when a new train of thought seemed to throw a sudden flash of light upon our past errors, and to show plainly the path to be pursued. But this led directly in the opposite direction to that which we had just traveled! It led to new principles! to new views, and new modes of action. So new and so startling were these principles, and the natural conclusion from them, that the discoverer (if we must so call him) dare not attempt to communicate them to his most intimate friends, for fear of being accounted "insane"; nor would he trust his own reasonings for their accuracy, but resolved to work them practically out, step by step, silently watching and studying their operations, and trust to results for making an impression upon the public mind, thinking that one successful example, at any one point, might extend itself to the circumference of society. But a new impulse is given to the public mind. Goaded on by the irresistible necessity of some change in our social condition, men are becoming more tolerant toward new things—more disposed to listen to proposals for alleviation; but short conversations or public meetings do not afford the required opportunities for the study of a subject involving all the interest of mankind; and I have come to the resolution to endeavor to place it, (as far as practicable) upon paper, in a manner that may be studied in detail, in times of undisturbed leisure, where the attention can be fixed upon that alone, individually; for nothing short of this can do it justice.

I have many times sat down to perform the task now before me; but when I contemplated the overwhelming magnitude of the subject—the bewildering complication of its different parts—the liability to err, to make wrong impressions through the inherent ambiguity of language, and the impossibility of conveying new ideas by old words, I have shrunk with fear and trembling from the task, have laid down my pen in despair, and returned to the silent, but safe, though tardy, language of experimental action. This speaks unequivocally to those who see and study it; but this mode of instruction has its limits, depending on the locality of the experiments, and the intellectual capacities and pecuniary resources of those who are within its immediate sphere, neither of which may prove sufficient for the establishing of one complete example. And, although nineteen years ago a work of this kind would have obtained no readers, nor scarcely have been noticed, every class of persons are now alive to the subject—are aware that something must be done, and are disposed more than at any former period to give a work of this kind a candid perusal. Society is everywhere waking to the realities of its condition, and plunging into enterprises which are sure to end in defeat and disappointment, and to result only in the comparative martyrdom of the very best of men and women,who are nobly devoting themselves to the holy cause of suffering humanity. With these views, it would be inexcusable—criminal, in my own estimation—to shrink from the necessary responsibility, and remain silent, while I am convinced that our whole objects can be easily attained by a process unknown to them, which may possibly be communicated. Not that I can hope to reach the understandings of many by an effusion of words; but, that there are a few isolated individuals scattered through the dreary waste of mind, who perhaps can be assembled together by verbal inter-communication, and who may set a PRACTICAL EXAMPLE, that will speak a language that all can comprehend.

I deem it unnecessary to add anything to what has been so well said of late, to show the imperious necessity of a total change in society's institutions. Almost everyone now admits —what the few far-seeing and deep-thinking individuals have perceived in all ages of human institutions—that something is radically wrong somewhere; there has always been a striving after a purer state of existence—a panting after an atmosphere never yet breathed in the social state—a clashing between the theories and the practices of men—a yearning after practical justice and humanity—promised, though never realized in the operations of social institutions. Society has been in a state of violence, of revolution and suffering, ever since 'is first formation; and at this moment the greatest number are about to array themselves against the smaller, who have, by some subtle and hidden means, lived luxuriously upon their labor without rendering an equivalent. Governments have lost their power of governing. Laws have become powerless from their inherent defectiveness and their iniquitous perversion; the grinding power of capital is everywhere felt to be irresistable by ordinary means; the right of the strongest begins to be openly admitted to a frightful extent, and many of the best minds look forward to an age of confusion and violence, with the confidence of despair. The cry of misery and the call for remedy are heard from all quarters. We have contemplated suffering in different forms till the heart is sick; and, unless a speedy and effectual remedy be applied, would fly from the scene or shut our eyes upon them forever. We are not alone in this feeling—the same spirit is abroad, calling for aid, for sympathy, for remedy; and in response to this call, I come at once to our subject—SOCIAL REFORMATION.

* * *

The Greatest Practicable Amount of Liberty to Each Individual

(Being chapter II of part III of the work "True Civilization")

Liberty! Freedom! Right! The vital principle of happiness! The one perfect law! The soul of everything that exalts and refines us! The one sacred sound that touches a sympathetic cord in every living breast! The watchword of every revolution in the holy cause of suffering humanity! Freedom! The last lingering word whispered from the dying martyr's quivering lips! The one precious boon—the atmosphere of heaven. The "one mighty breath, which shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze the whole dark pile of human mockeries." When is liberty to take up its abode on earth?

What is liberty? WHO WILL ALLOW ME TO DEFINE IT FOR HIM, AND AGREE BEFOREHAND TO SQUARE HIS LIFE BY MY DEFINITION? Who does not wish to see it first, and sit in judgement on it, and *decide for himself* as to its propriety? and who does not see that it is his OWN INDIVIDUAL interpretation of the word that he adopts? And who will agree to square his whole life by any rule, which, although good at present, may not prove applicable to all cases? Who does not wish to preserve his *liberty* to act according to the peculiarities or INDIVIDUALITIES of future cases, and to sit in judgement on the merits of each, and to change or vary from time to time with new developments and increasing knowledge? Each individual being thus at liberty at all times, would be sovereign of himself. NO GREATER AMOUNT OF LIBERTY CAN BE CONCEIVED — ANY LESS WOULD NOT BE LIBERTY! Liberty defined and limited by others is slavery! *Liberty*, then, is the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL; and never shall man know liberty until each and every individual is acknowledged to be *the only legitimate sovereign of his or her person, time, and property, each living and acting at his own cost;* and not until we live in a society where each can exercise this inalienable right of sovereignity at all times without clashing with, or violating that of others. This is impracticable just in proportion as we or our interests are UNITED *or combined with others.* The only ground upon which man can know liberty, is that of DISCONNECTION, DISUNION, INDIVIDUALITY.

You and I may associate together as the best of friends, as long as our interests are not too closely connected; but let our domestic arrangements be too closely *connected;* let me become responsible for your debts, or let me, by joining a society of which you are a member, become responsible for your sentiments, and the discordant effects of too close connection will immediately appear. Harmonious society can be erected on no other ground than the strictest INDIVIDUALITY of interests and responsibilities, nor can the liberty of mankind be restored upon any other principle or mode of action. How can it be otherwise? If my interest is united with yours, and we differ at any point in its management, as this diference is inevitable, one must yield, the other must decide, or, we must leave the decision to a third party. This third party is government, and thus, in UNITED INTERESTS, *government originates.* The more business there is thus commited to governmental management, the more must each of the governed surrender his liberty or his control over his own, and the greater must be the amount of power delegated to the government. When this becomes unlimited or *indefinite,* the government is absolute, and the liberty and security of the governed are annihilated; when limited or *definite,* some liberty remains to the governed. Experience has proved *that power cannot be delegated to rulers of states and nations, in sufficient quantities for the management of business, without its becoming an indefinite quantity,* and in this *indefiniteness* have mankind been cheated out of their legitimate liberty.

Let twenty persons combine their means to build a bridge, each contributing twenty dollars—at the first meeting for business it is found that the business of such combinations can be conducted only by electing some one *individual* deciding and acting power, before any practical steps can be taken. Here each subscriber must trust his twenty dollars to the management of some one, perhaps not of his own choice, yet, as the sum is *definite* and not serious, its loss may not disturb his security, and he prefers to risk it for the prospective advantages to himself and his neighborhood. In entering his twenty dollars into this combination he submits it to the control of others, but he submits nothing more; and if he is aware beforehand, that the business of all combinations must be conducted by delegated power; and if he is not compelled to submit to any conditions not contemplated beforehand; and if he can withdraw his investment at pleasure, then there is no violation of his natural liberty or sovereignity over his own; or, if he chooses to make a permanent investment, and lay down all future control over it, for the sake of a prospective advantage, it is a surrender of so much of his property (not his liberty) to the control of others; but, it being a definite quantity, and the *risks* and conditions all being made known and voluntarily consented to beforehand, the consequences may not be serious to him; and, although he may discover, in the course of the business, that the *principle is wrong,* yet, he may derive ultimate advantage, under some circumstances, from so much combination—some may be willing to invest more and others less. If each one is himself the supreme judge at all times of the individual case in hand, and he is free to act from his own individual estimate of the advantages to be derived to himself or others, as in the above instance, then the natural liberty of the individual is not invaded; but it is when the decision or will of others is made the rule of action, CONTRARY TO HIS VIEWS OR INCLINATION, that his legitimate liberty is violated.

We eat prussic acid in a peach—*another quantity* of prussic acid is certain and sudden death. Let us learn to *discriminate,* to *individualize* our ideas, even of diferent quantities of the same thing. The above amount of combination may be harmless; indeed, it may give us a healthful proof that it is wrong in principle, and admonish us not to pursue it farther. But now let us contemplate another *degree* of combination—combination as the basis of society, involving all the great interests of man; his liberty, his person, his mind, his time, his labor, his food, the soil he rests upon, his property, his responsibilities to an indefinite extent, *his security,* the education and destinies of his children, the indefinite interests of his race! In such combinations, whether political or social, the different members can never be found always possessing the same views and feelings on all these subjects. Not even two persons can perform a piece of music together in *order,* unless one of them commences or leads *individually,* or, unless both agree to be governed by some third movement, which is an individuality. Two leaders cannot lead—*the lead must be individual,* or confusion and discord will be the result. The same is true with regard to any combined movement. In political and social combination, men have sought to mitigate the horrid abuse of despotism by diffusing the delegated power, but they have always purchased the relief at the expense of confusion. The experience of all the world has shown, that the business of such combinations cannot be conducted by the whole of its members, but that one or a few must be set apart to lead and manage in the business of the combination; to these, power must be delegated JUST IN PROPORTION TO THE AMOUNT OF BUSINESS COMMITED TO THEIR CHARGE. These constitute the government of the combination, and to this government all must yield their INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY, or the combination cannot move one step. If their persons, their responsibilities, and all their interests are involved in the combination, as in communities of common property, all these must be entirely at the control of the government, whose judgement or will is the rule for all the governed, and the natural liberty or sovereignty of every member is entirely annihilated, and the government is as strong, as absolute as a government can be made, while the members are rendered as weak and as dependent on the governing few as they can be rendered, and consequently, their liberty and security are reduced to the lowest practicable degree.If only half of the interests of the individual are invested in the combination, then only half the quantity of government is required, and only half of the natural liberty of the members need to be surrendered; but as this definite quantity cannot be measured and set apart from the other half, and as government once erected, either through the indefiniteness of the language in which the power is delegated or by other means, will steal the other half; there is no security, no liberty for mankind, but through the ABANDONMENT OF COMBINATIONS as the basis of society.

If governments originate in combined interests, and if government and liberty cannot exist together, then the solution of our problem demands that there be NO COMBINED INTERESTS TO MANAGE. All interests must be individualized—all responsibilities must be *individual,* before men can enjoy complete liberty or security, and before society can be completely harmonious. We can dispense with government only in proportion as we can reduce the amount of public business to be managed. This, then, is the movement for the restoration of the liberty of mankind; it is to *disconnect,* to *individualize,* rather than to *combine* or "UNITE" our interests.

When one's person, his labor, his responsibilities, the soil he rests on, his food, his property, and all his interests are so *disconnected, disunited* from others, that he can control or dispose of these at all times, according to his own views and feeling, without controling or disturbing others; and when his premises are sacred to himself, and his person is not aproached, nor his time and attention taken up, against his inclination, then the individual may be said to be practically SOVEREIGN OF HIMSELF, and all that constitutes or pertains to his individuality. No greater scope of liberty for every

MY DEAR MISS SOCIETY

A Voice fom San Quentin

Perhaps this is not the customary salutation—perhaps it is a trifle too formal for me to use after such a brief estrangement from you; but you have taken such a discursive view of me that now I scarcely dare address you in any other way—if at all!

Since the night of January 6, I mean. You remember that night, don't you, Miss Society? Of course you do—you will never forget it. Even if I should, you will soon remind me of it.

Well, I was hungry on that night—as a matter of fact, I was hungry all that day. You were never hungry, were you, Miss Society? No—of course not— you always have so much. If I came to your back door, you would have helped me, wouldn't you? I know you would have. At times you are so magnificently generous—especially when you know that you are being watched so that your generosity can be applauded. But it is not altogether easy for one 25 years of age, sound in body, and with a normal mind—to come to you and beg. If I cannot earn my living honestly now, Miss Society, when shall I be able to do so.

So I broke our sacred law; why I did it makes no difference to you. You asserted your might; you placed me here behind the bars. And Justly, too; I knew what would happen—so I have no complaints.

But now, Miss Society, in a few days at the least—in a few weeks at the most—you will set me free again. But will you set me free? Free to what? Will you forgive me? Naturally you will. You are stern, but yet humane; you imprisoned me to teach me to conduct myself better in your presence. All right—I have learned. Bitterly, perhaps, but none the less completely; now what? You say you forgive me? That is the least you can do—but let us see if you do. First let us define forgiveness and avoid possible controversy. Shall I use my own definition? No. I gree with you; it might tend to be one sided. Besides, why should I use mine when I cannot improve upon yours?

For instance: you tell me when the good father forgave the prodigal son, (after all I am only a boy), he kissed him, put a ring on his finger, killed the fatted calf, placed a purple robe on him, and they had a fine time of it.

Of course, I do not expect so much demonstration. But, Miss Society, I am an ambitious young man. Naturally, I desire a position with a future; could you find something for me in one of your banks? Goodness!—don't look at me like that. I didn't mean to frighten you. You look as if you were about to say: "What! an ex-convict in one of my banks!"

Do you still claim you forgive me? Would you let me fill a seat on one of your school boards? That is ridiculous, you say? But why? I have certain qualifications, and you say you forgive me; and I have learned to live properly in your presence. Then why not?

Oh, I see; you don't know whether I have learned to live with you or not. You are right again; I never thought of that. But when will you know? Besides, Miss Society, you placed me here to learn that. This is your institution, is it not?—you run it,do you not? Then if I failed to learn, whose fault is it?

So you do not forgive me, after all, do you, according to your own definition of forgiveness. But you have reason not to, Miss Society—I am bad to the core, or I would not have done what I did, would I? And after all, that about the prodigal son is only a parable, and written in one of your hasty moments. We cannot go by parables now, can we?

Goethe said (I hope I have his right words): "I cannot imagine any crime, however heinous, but I might have committed myself." I wonder if he was philosophising when he said that; I wonder if what he really meant was that anybody is likely to commit any crime? Well, what of that? He said a lot of other things just as foolish; besides, somebody is always saying something.

So I cannot say that I can blame you much. After all you are the product of your Maker. The advocator of forgiveness would not Himself forgive poor Adam for stealing an apple. You say He did forgive him? Oh, yes—of course He did—but He chased him out of his garden just the same to make sure that he would not steal any more. So how can I expect you to forgive me for stealing. No—I shan't tell you what I stole; I don't want to make you laugh in his serious moment, because it is almost as ridiculous as the apple. Poor Adam—I sympathize with him. How do I know—perhaps he was hungry too.

This is not pleasant, I know, but we are coming to an understanding. Let us be frank and earnest, Miss Society; you do not want me in any conspicuous place, do you? And of course, you are right—you are always right—I proved myself unworthy of trust. I freely admit that my record cannot stand investigation. But why do you look uneasy? You do not seem to enjoy the way I condemn myself, well, I do not enjoy it either, but we must face the facts. But why should you look so dejected? Do you fear that while I am speaking about records, I might ask to see yours? I know that your record is pure, Miss Society; but now that I mention it, let us go over it together. You have nothing to fear, I am sure; that is if you have upheld the same ethics you prescribe for me.

In Athens, Miss Society, you poisoned one of your great benefactors—a philosopher. At the council of Constance, you burned at the stake an honest and upright prelate. In Florence, you condemned a learned scientist and poet to banishment for life. In London, you beheaded a gentleman. And in Judea, you . . . .Oh, well, I can't go on if you are going to act like that. It strikes me quaintly, though, the way you gloat over these same people today; maybe it will be like that with myself, I don't know.

So you don't want me in your presence? I don't blame you. But you have demonstrated that you are not always right in your choice; and when I weigh my small crime against the preponderance of your atrocities, I wonder who is the greater criminal. You didn't want the men I mentioned above, either; but should you have been where you are today without them? I suppose that what I mentioned is not all; but how am I to know what went on in your secret conclaves from year to year; after all, I am not Oedipus—he could guess anything !

James Conlon

(*San Quentin Bulletin*)

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individual can be conceived—any less is not the "greatest practicable amount of liberty," and will not supply the demand of our third proposition.

COMMENT BY LAURANCE LABADIE

In the foregoing Chapter from "True Civilization," Josiah Warren has presented, probably more briefly and clearly than has ever been done, the fundamental basis of the anarchist philosophy. Elemental consideration will disclose that the raison d'etre for a SOCIAL problem is individuality. Were we all alike, did we agree upon all things, we would instinctively act in unison and harmony, as apparently do bees and ants. But it is in the very fact that we differ, that we vary in our likes and dislikes, our opinions, wants, and needs, that gives rise to the problem of what to do in such case—what course of social policy should be followed. Anarchists take the path toward an autonomous regime, with the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL as an independent entity as a paramount right. Collectivists attempt to establish conformity by the complete unification of social endeavor in which the individual will be subjugated to the supposed common good. The first road leads to Liberty and the abolition of the State as the alleged representative of all; the latter makes Authority supreme by unifying all activity under State supervision.

Consider for a moment, how the idea of Liberty arose in the human mind. As individuality began to develop, differences of opinion began to manifest themselves, and the necessity of definite action in organizational activity demanded the submission of those organized to one idea or purpose, which inevitably became the expressed will of someone or some small dominant group. This individual or group became the directors or rulers, and in case of objectors exercised coercion, or Government. With the inauguration of Government there naturally arose, according to the law of contradiction (in which one thing is identified only in contrast with its opposite), the idea of liberty. In a social sense, therefore, Liberty can mean nothing but the absence of interference or rule BY ONE'S FELLOWS, and, to be realized, demands, in Warren's words, "disconnection, disunion, individuality"—"the ABANDONMENT OF COMBINATIONS as the basis of society."

Without this course society steers toward disaster—war, confusion, chaos, and possibly reversion to barbarism. For it should be borne in mind that the evolution of organisms is out from similarity toward dissimilarity, homogeneity toward individuality (which is distinguished only by DIFFERENCES.) Attempts to annihilate these diferences by submerging the individual into forced group activity can only intensify the miseries which the human race has experienced by adhering to false principles.

Preceding Warren, practically all attempts or proposals for the alleviation of mankind's ills were based on the proposition that salvation lay in COMBINATION. And sociological argument was all directed toward determining WHAT FORM such combination should take. Warren himself was a party to such a scheme. And the utter impossibility of making compatible the ideas and desires of participants, which by their very nature were incompatible, led Warren to the belief that social harmony lay precisely in the other direction—in the right and possibility of independence. Collectivistic experiments all went to pieces because of—DIFFERENCES OF OPINION. And egoism or the desire for self-gratification precluded the possibility (or desirability) of men ceding their individuality in order to conform to the dictates of others. This being true, the clue to social order was away from communism toward individualism. And the historical course of the progress of societies shows that this has been the direction.

These facts evince the utter fallacy of linking the anarchistic philosophy with communism, and bring to light Kropotkin's fatal error in doing so. Thus, while humanitarianism and sincerity are essential to pioneers of social thought, they are not in themselves enough. For without intelligence they lead to misdirected energy with fatal consequences. Is it not significant that in those countries where revolutionary collectivism was the predominant tenor of the radical movement, despotisms have resulted?

(Comrade Labadie would be more correct in blaming State collectivism for the resulting despotisms than Communism. Kropotkin's Communism is one that embraces individualism as well, as we understand both.—Editor.)

I grew to like to defend men and women charged with crime. . . . I sought to learn why one man goes one way and another takes an entirely different road. I became vitally interested in the causes of human conduct . . . instead of blindly talking of hatred and vengeance, and that subtle, indefinable quality that men call "justice."

—CLARENCE DARROW.

ON THE BLOCK

Well, folks, our Santa still maintains that we are living in a crazy world. "Just imagine," he says, "a whole world of people holding their breath in fear because a Nazi imbecile who dolled himself up in uniform with brass buttons delivered a speech in the Reichstag."

* * *

And by the way, why do our scholars and intellectuals keep their heads buried in the sand? . . . Must the world only listen to the hissing voices of high-booted "fuehrers" and "duces"? Yet there was a time when thinking minds did have the courage to speak—and how! . . . (we apologize for this not-so-funny comment. we too have our moments, you know . . .)

* * *

Question: How long will Fascism last?

Answer: Just as long as there'll be women and children to slaughter.

* * *

"Don't worry," radioed a Rebel commander to his chief, "we are ready to die for God, country and Generalissimo."

There's something really worth while dying for. If he'd take our advice he'd split himself in three portions and die for each one separately.

* * *

Well, anyhow, our deep sympathies go for the Mikado who lately began dreaming very much of peace. We feel it'll be a long ways before he'll have his dream realized. 400 million Chinese can't just be killed off in a jiffy.

And, incidentally, are China and Japan really at war now? . . .

* * *

So Lewis and Green are at it again, eh? For goodness sakes, let's crown the both of them and be done with it . . .

* *

From latest reports we learn that 106,000 people were killed in 1937 accidents.

It seems they get us coming and going. If it isn't a bomb it's a flivver, and if these fail they tickle us to death with radio funnies . . .

* * *

C'mon boys, laugh your sides off. Mussolini joined in the hunt for pirate submarines.

A tiger once looked for prey
Where little lambs are wont to play,
To make believe he's full of pranks;
With funny jests he broke their ranks
But when the fun came to an end
The tiger left the merry band
Carrying off with beastly roar
A crying lamb he snatched to gore . . .

* * *

A Japanese minister reporting on the slaughter going on in China referred to it as a mere "incident."

That reminds us of an incident that happened with our aunt Bessie. Just as she was about to open her vernacular on Uncle Ted she suddenly got her lumbago and uncle was saved from a terrible barrage.

Now, wasn't that a peculiar incident? . . .

* * *

Junior: Say, daddy, why is our President concerned so much about helping crippled children and things like that?

Father: Why, sonny, that's very nice of him. The most humane thing to do is help suffering little children.

Junior: Maybe it is, daddy, but where is the sense in helping crippled children with one hand and crippling other children with the other.

Father: What makes you say that, sonny; why, our President would'nt even think of doing harm to little children.

Junior: Well, if he loves so much kiddies why did he permit a Nazi ship take 20,000 bombs to Japan for crippling those Chinese poor kdis?

Father: Now, listen sonny, you can't accuse our President of sending the bombs to China. Those bombs were sold by private business people and our government couldn't stop it.

Junior: Gee, daddy, everything looks so funny. Wouldn't the government stop a load of diseased food-stuffs if it was to be sent from our country?

Father: But, sonny, diseased food-stuff selling is illegal, that's why it wouldnt' be permitted.

Junior: Gee whiz, daddy, if selling bombs to murdor little children is legal that fellow Dillinger should have been looked to as the greatest law-abiding citizen in the country.

Santa Panta

Equality is the ultimate scope of science.

CONDORCET.

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Fortnightly dedicated to the anti-Fascist struggle and the Social Revolution in Spain.

Price 2d.; For U. S. A., 5 cents.

All correspondence and moneys to be sent to the Editors, **"SPAIN and the WORLD," 21 Frith St., London, W.1, England.**

ART and LITERATURE

GOTTERDAMERUNG

At Wotan's bidding, and because they deem
Freya, the joy of spring, sufficient recompense,
The giants build Valhalla—
Whither, across the rainbow bridge
The gods parade in strength and beauty.

The curtain falls: we see their home no more—
Though they at times adventure on the earth
Pursuing their divine purposes—
Until Brunnhilde's funeral pyre,
The immolation of life and love and earth's despair
Before the god's conflicting interests,
Flames into the sky, and in the final conflagration
Valhalla is consumed.

The rainbow bridge is building:
Towers of orange flame,
Lines of flame sweeping from shore to island,
Stabbing the everlasting fog.

The rainbow bridge is building—the giants are at work:
Walking the struts, hammering the rivets,
Swinging the cables—working at the building
In the smile of spring
At the god's behest.

The rainbow bridge, whereby the gods
Will enter Valhalla.
When the flame rises
We shall see them again.

GEORGE HEDLEY.

* * *

DULCE EST PRO PATRIA MORI . . . .

L'homme est l'animal rationale,
I keel you and you keel me
And we both drink cognac in hell
Or buttermilk in heaven.

The devil dances,
His orgiastic joy overrunneth.
What tho I sleep in the valley of death,
My soul shall be wafted on waves of mustard-gas
Into the nebulous avenues of heaven
Where I shall have cool butter-milk
To salve my molten soul.

The angels are practising overtime
(If there were time in heaven)
With syncopated Hallelujahs
For the mass influx of neophytes.

THAT'S IT . . .
To take something pure,
Something that must be smashed . . .
Dance . . .
God, what a fast step we have
As we go to mustard heavens
On the wings of gentle gas.

DAVID WHITE.

* * *

LADY CAPITALISM

Up and down the streets she goes
With rings on her fingers, and sores in her nose;
Twisting her stock-in-trade this way and that
To the toss of a feathered hat.

Behold, the whore of Babylon
Whom many men have babbled on
And just as many spat upon.

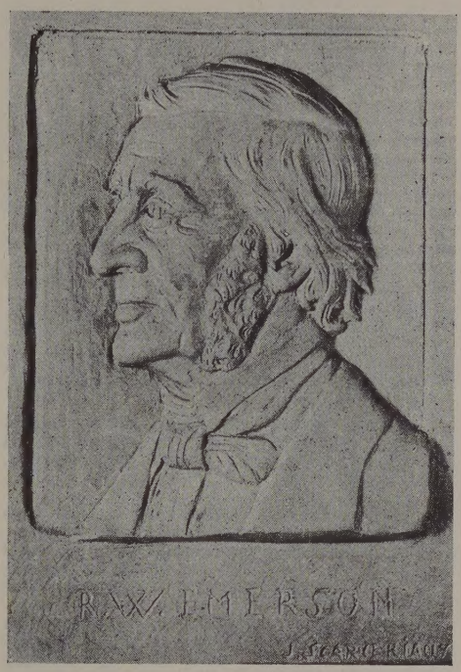
Man (a Scotchman said to me),
She's had enough seamen in her
To founder the sea.
He chuckled. (His idea of a joke.)

You'd think from the way she walks and talks,
And simpers, and dangles her fingers,
And makes to go, and then carresively lingers,
She were young.
You'd think she were young.
You'd be wrong.

Paint never made an old house new,
Drove out the rats and roaches,
Kept the windows from chattering in the wind
The floors from creaking,
The roof from leaking
And the whole once-strong foundation from sinking
Into the earth.

But, she goes—
Up 42nd and over Broadway,
Catching the youth, that follows the flame of her glance
With tightening pants;
Follows the warmed-up smiles
Up the noble street,
Into a side-street,
Into—the abyss.
Leaving in her his bursting indiscriminant warmth;
And takes—
Rattlesnakes.
Moth and the flame?
Hell, no!
That's a CLEAN death.

PAUL PEPPER.



(1803—1882)

THE UNION OF INDIVIDUALS

The world is waking to the law of union, and these experiments show what it is thinking of. It is and will be, magic. Men will live and communicate, and plough, and reap . . . as by added ethereal power, when once they are united, as in a celebrated experiment . . . But this union must be inward, and not one of covenants, and is to be reached by a reverse of the methods they use . . . It is the union of friends who live in different streets or towns. Each man, if he attempt to join himself to others, is on all sides cramped and diminished of his proportion; and the stricter the union, the smaller and more pitiful he is. But leave him alone, to recognize in every hour and place the secret soul, he will go up and down doing the works of a true member, and to the astonishment of all, the work will be done with concert, though no man spoke. . . . The union must be ideal in actual individualism.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

EMPTY HANDS

These are blunt words a startled world is crying,
Too dire and threatening to curb or smother,
Not of old men grown weary unto dying,
But of a young man's hands—your hands, my brother,
Pitiable young hands—open and empty.

We look on Death and it is less appalling.
It hurts us less with grieving than this other—
This voice of desperate men seeking and calling
For their lost tools again. O, my young brother
With terrible, swift hands—open and empty.

SARA BUNDY PENCE.

* * *

WE CHILDREN OF LABOR

Crushed under weight of oppression,
We die, squeezed of our life's blood,
Muscles strained, backs weary, while depression
Sweeps us, breaks the gloom in tears that flood
The heart, our troubled souls to still
On sleepless nights; posterity dies,
Genius stunted, talents hidden on some grassy hill
Where only headstones flourish, and the night wind sighs.
Darkness enfolds the future, sad tears
Inflict dire punishment on the new generation,
No laughter issues, horrible nightmare blears
The mirror of reflected tomorrow, deep desperation
Demands an attentive nation, look to the soil,
The sweatshops are ogres for us children, we children of darkness,
Open the windows of freedom, let us breathe joy, or the world will boil
And churn in upheavals, oh black despair, what terrible sadness.

H. MATHEWS.

* * *

USELESS STRIFE

Again
The tocsin rings
Over the world . . .
A war-mad world of greed,
And hate; while mouths of cannon
Yawn for food.

Young blood
Of vivid hue
Must stain the earth—
While crumbling bones are used
To fertilize the fields! Halt!
Motherhood!

STOP WAR!
With its carnage.
Reveal THE TRUTH
Show your sons its horrors . . .
The blind . . . maimed . . . shocked . . . walking dead!
Of PAST WARS!

FLOZARI ROCKWOOD.

The Broken Window

Joe Bonato climbed wearily up the rickety four flights of stairs to his measley job. Joe was only four years this side of forty, small, stoop-shouldered, pinch-faced and grey-haired. He was a cutter for S. Mackroff, maker of women's coats. Joe reached the top landing and puffed, exhaustedly before entering the cold shop. He opened the door, and the small of new cloth came to him. He looked over at the window by his table where he worked. The window was still broken and the gusts of cold air blew in and moved the paper patterns hanging on the wall. Joe coughed terribly but Mack hadn't had the window mended; he had been after him for two weeks now to have the broken pane replaced. Joe began to sweat from his long climb. The other workers came in and tossed him sleepy greetings. Marie, the dark brown negro girl, passed him and he wondered if Tony, the wop, would fight with her again about Mussolini and Ethiopia. Why didn't they read the Daily Worker and find out the truth? Well, then he suddenly remembered he hadn't paid his lodge dues. He'd tend to that tonight.

Instead of getting lighter, it darkened and snow began to fall upon the dirty panes and blew in through the broken window; it fell to the floor and melted. He'd speak to Mack about it again; he couldn't stand the cold air blowing all day down his back. The tiny electric light over his head swung in the wind from the window, and Joe's shears began to click in mocking unison. Mart asked him for a piece of wax chalk to make markings. He gave him a small piece; then wiped the sweat from his forehead.

The sewing machines began to make their clatter and noise, and the shop became busy; but the cold air continued to creep up and down his back and he felt wheezing sounds in his sore chest; he coughed and worked on until lunch time. The thought of his unpaid lodge dues bothered him, but he just had to make that contribution to help the Spaniards lick those damn Fascist upstarts.

He sat away from the window, broke the flimsy cord, and unwrapped the brown store-paper from his lunch. The rye bread and liverwurst were buried in the wax wrapper of a loaf of sliced bread. American sanitation, but the dollars the paper brought to the cellophane Czars were not wrapped in, Joe mused. His head was hot and his body wet and clammy. Joe belched and moved away from the close sticky air that hung around the presser. He stumbled back to work and adjusted the side gores to the dark flannel, spots dancing madly before his eyes as he did so. He worked on, his head pounding. Marie, one of the finishers, stopped basting, came over, and asked him if he did not feel well. He mumbled something to her and she went back to work. Joe saw the large body of the designer coming toward him and everything went black before him. Down into darkness he went. Then blinding light and a huge broken window came into view and Joe had to bend his weight against the wind that roared through it. Suddenly the room became full of pieces of patterns; sleeves, fronts, backs, and gores came falling down upon him; then bales and bolts of flannel came, shears snipped, and clicked like angry heads; but, above it all there came the roar of the cold winds rushing through the broken window pane, and then blackness again.

They carried Joe out down the dark stairway to the street; a white ambulance sped with him to the hospital, but he did not survive the night. He died of double pneumonia.

Joe's table stood empty the next morning; his fellow workers looked at the vacant place and nodded their heads and spoke to one another in hushed tones. Mackroff came into the dark room, a stub of a cigar in the corner of his mouth. He spoke a few words to the workers about the firms recent loss and what a fine fellow Joe was, and shifted his cigar. He passed on through the room. A draft from the broken window struck him on the rolls of fat at the back of his neck. He turned around, looked at the window, and passed on into his warm and well lighted office. After calling the newspaper to insert an add for a new cutter, he suddenly looked up and mumbled to himself.

"I must have that broken window fixed the first thing tomorrow." And then he settled back in his swivel chair, struck a match, and relit the butt of the grey tipped cigar in his mouth.

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

ABSOLUTE PACIFISTS

(*Concluding Article*)

III

The second objection:

"To oppose violence does not mean to be submissive and obedient. It is possible to-day to resist evil and win our rights without the use of arms and other material forces. The means to win are not lacking."

The objection to the use of violence is really very old, it was already formulated four centuries ago by Etienne de La Boetie in his famous "Discourse on voluntary servitude." the objection runs as follows:

"The power of the dominating class will persist only as long as those who are subject to it recognize it in principle and practice; that is, as long as the dominated masses are willing to respect the men who in turn hold them in respect. Official authority (the legal power of men over others) has more of a moral than a physical character. It rests less upon violence than upon the respect and belief in the dictatorial right of the men above. On the day the masses will be able to free themselves from their veneratoin for authority, the dominating classes will cease to exist as such."

"Despotism, tyranny, dictatorship, and public authority, exist by virtue of the masses' submission. As soon as they will become conscious of the fact that the public powers are essentially parasitic, they will withdraw their granted forces and the whole social pyramid will crumble."

Surely it is well said; but it amounts to this: "The day nobody will think themselves under the necessity to obey, no one will have the power to command and to constrain."

And here lies the whole problem.

We all know the story of the child who wanted to catch a bird and to whom the joking father said that it was the easiest thing to do: "Put a pinch of salt upon his tail!" Yes, that's it; but the salt must be placed upon the tail!

I remember what a fervent anti-militarist once said: "You wish to suppress the army? it is easy. Why is there an army in the first place? Because there are soldiers. Let no one be willing to be a soldier and there wouldn't be any army!"

That is very evident and simple, but too simple. That's only joking. It is true enough, since the time of La Boetie plenty of water has passed under the bridge, and our more practical epoch has searched modern means by which people hope to resist and win their cause without resorting to violence. Yet I humbly admit—no doubt through lack of shrewdness—that I don't see the supreme worthiness of any one of these means. The desire for peace supported by the refusal to pay taxes and serve in the army, and resorting to general strikes borrow their effectiveness from the threat of riots, disorders, and armed revolution. It is nothing less than violent action progressively brought about by the masses' discontentment. Their growing irritation is slowly transformed into revengeful anger.

When it is only a question of limited demands that do not touch the fundamental basis of the regime, the government will grant them for fear that a refusal would act as a provocation for physical action. However this salutary fear never touches the dominating spheres when the opposition is prone to resist and conquer only through the force of their convictions. We can be sure that in such cases the masters would resist (and by what means!) and force the masses to again remain subservient to authority, to capital.

Here I admit that the general strike is a powerful weapon in the workers' and peasants' hands. I even dare to say that it could be all powerful. Still I must add that it could only attain its omnipotence if the following held true: 1) the general strike must actually be general; 2) it must not merely be a concerted understanding for the workers to abandon their work and remain idle; 3) it must immediately become insurrectional; and 4) the means of production and distribution must be appropriated— thus we see that it could only be violent and revolutionary.

And now I come to the various groups of pacifists.

The first is composed of Tolstoyans, Gandhists, Catholics, Protestants, and Quakers. All these pacifists, because of their religious beliefs, are absolute opponents of violence. They pledge themselves not to use violence and highly disapprove of those who advocate recourse to it. And as they adhere to absolute pacifism under the forces of the spiritual, moral and sentimental pressure that is in them, they place their full trust in the worthiness of these forces.

Moreover, without giving definition in clear and precise terms of what they understand by a more or less far away realization of truth, justice, and freedom, they affirm that the reign of this benevolent trinity will end war and establish world-wide peace.

Thus, it is only natural and logical that pacifists of this "school" be opposed to violence.

Now the second group includes pacifists who, studying the multiple causes of war, realize that some of the responsibilities fall upon the actual social milieu. But they think that under our present institutions it is still possible to gradually diminish and eventually abolish armed conflicts.

Indeed they are pacifists, but they are mostly social reformers. Consequently we are not surprised to find that the adherents to this second school disapprove, either of equal strength, the revolution, and condemn the violence of both.

The third group is recruited from amongst those who realize that war can only be done away by abolishing the social regime that creates it. They understand that the leading fight against militarism and war is only a part of the great one to be undertaken against the social milieu itself.

However, they expect the fall of capitalism through legal means;—the installation of a political party based upon the principles of socialism. They condemn virile and energetic agitation. We understand that the pacifists of this third school were in favor of passive resistance and are opposed to revolutionary violence.

Still I must say that a happy turn is taking place among the members of this group. They are beginning to realize that peace will never be the voluntary work of benevolent governments NO MATTER WHAT THEIR COLOR; and to do away with war it will be necesary for the workers to demand and impose their will by other means than by staging parades and hoping for victory.

The fourth group is composed of revolutionary pacifists. They do not seperate the peace problem from the social problem; they realize that the two must be solved together.

Thus, I repeat: He who speaks of authority speaks of violence and war; and he who says freedom says understanding and peace. It is the very principle of authority that renders the use of violence necessary. No one can conceive authority without adequate forces able to impose its rule by material force.

Absolute Pacifists:

You abhor war; we do too. And it is to end the slaughter that is covering the earth with blood and dishonoring humanity that Anarchists are putting an unmerciful fight against all authoritarian regimes that bring about war.

You despise violence; we too despise it. We are fighting to abolish all the authoritarian regimes that maintain themselves through the use of violence.

In couclusion: To bring about such a change we have more than our convictions; we know that sooner or later we shall have to resort to violence, for all other means are sterile. To suppress the effect we must do away with the cause. The dominating class have all the levers at their command. They are armed to the teeth, and before renouncing their privileges they will not hesitate to use all the means of repression they have at their command.

Absolute Pacifists! Look out! You may be accused of partnership with fomenters of violence and war because of your fight against violence. **Sebastien Faure**

(*Translated by Jules Scarceriaux*)

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Those who wish to aid in placing MAN! on sale at any Newsstand or Bookstore in their respective cities should communicate with us for arrangements.

THE RESPONSE OF OUR FRIENDS

Frankly speaking, we did not expect to be able in publishing the present issue due to the more than eighty dollars deficit which we had incurred in issuing the February number. It seems though that the report of our huge deficit aroused our faithful friends to respond immediately. And it is this splendid response that made possible the publishing of this eighth consecutive monthly issue of MAN! in Los Angeles.

The response of individuals can be judged by the following letter from our Friend Wendell Bull, and which reads as follows:

March 4, 1938

Comrades:

Enclosed herewith is a check for $17.00 endorsed to you. It is one of my weekly paychecks, and from its amount you can judge how my family has to deny itself an "American" standard of living as a matter of course. Yet the added sacrifice entailed by this contribution to MAN! we feel is our humanitarian duty.

It would be shameful if at this time of governmental arrogance and persecution America's foremost Anarchist journal should be forced to suspend publication for lack of support. It would seem as if American Anarchists were afraid of the political officials whom we believe to be violating the Constitutional law in their persecution of your editor.

I am not an Anarchist, but I respect the right of everyone to expose evils and to promote correctives according to his own understanding. Humanity can evolve better social institutions only on condition that the exposition of evils and the advocacy of correctives be ENCOURAGED, not merely allowed. For a long time America has not been progressing, from a humanitarian standpoint, but retrogressing. One wishes that Graham's incarceration might serve to arouse liberty-loving Americans from their Mammon-serving stupor.

Yours for emancipation,

WENDELL BULL

* * *

The letter of our Friend Wendell Bull speaks for itself. MAN! feels proud in being able to have made such friends.

Another staunch suppporter and friend of MAN! is L. L. Abel, who writes: **"Enclosed is a check of five dollars for MAN! I have been having a little trouble making ends meet lately but I have a little on hand now, I hope to be able to support MAN! better in the future than in the past."**

This is but speaking of individuals. The Groups supporting MAN! have been far from lagging behind. San Francisco came forward with a contribution of fifty dollars. New York with one of twenty. Philadelphia with ten. And Los Angeles didn't fail to contribute its share.

It remains now for the many individual friends and Groups to follow the example set by those of whom we have just spoken about. The regular monthly appearance of MAN! can be assured. Especially now, when the authorities are carrying on their insidious campaign to stifle our voice, every true friend of freedom ought to rally to our support in order to bring about the defeat of the enemy's objective.

MAN!

* * *

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(February 10 to March 10)

INCOME: $0.50, Receipts No. 215,230. $0.60, Rec. No. 208 One Dollar, Rec. Numbers 202, 203, 204, 206, 209, 211, 212, 216, 217 218, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229; $1.24, Rec. Number 224; $1.60, Rec. Number 219; $2.00, Rec. Number 205; $4.57, Rec. Number 210; $5.00, Rec. Number 223; $10.00, Rec. Numbers 214, 221; $15.00, Rec. Number 231; $17.00, Rec. Number 222; $20.00, Rec. Number 207; $50.00, Rec. Number 220.

TOTAL . . .	$153.68
EXPENDITURES	$106.38
DEFICIT	86.28
	$192.66
INCOME	153.68
DEFICIT	$ 38.98

REPORT OF FEBRUARY AFFAIR

We would like to correct an error we made when we sent you the announcement of the dance we gave Saturday, Feb. 5.We stated that it was for the benefit of MAN! and the Italian Political Victims. Instead it was for MAN! and the buying of pamphlets.

On April 23, 1938 we are giving another dance for the benefit of MAN!, and we cordially invite every reader within the Metropolitan area of New York to come.

The report of the February 5 dance is as follows:

Total income	$88.98
Total Expenditures	61.48
Net Income	$27.50

Divided as follows:

MAN!	$20.00
Pamphlets	7.50
	$27.50

THE YOUTH GROUP of Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the First Time Translated into English
DOES GOD EXIST?
By SEBASTIEN FAURE
Ten Cents Per Copy Obtdinable through MAN!

Recalling that those found in prisons are practically always poor; it follows that their needs to get things must be great; and their desires being the same as those of others, the struggle between wants and inhibitions lands them outside the law, when under more fortunate circumstances they would conform.

Man has the innate instinct to satisfy his needs and desires that moves every form of animal life. In satisfying these instincts he often comes in conflict with obstacles forbidding their gratification in certain ways.

Any normal person would most likely steal before he would starve; certainly before he would let a member of his family suffer.

The law does not pretend to punish everything that is dishonest. That would seriously interfere with business, and besides, could not be done.

—CLARENCE DARROW.